

Lisa Hannigan

"Little Bird"

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Your heart sings like a kettle
and your words, they boil away like steam.
A lie burns long while the truth bites quick,
a heart is built for both it seems.
You are lonely as a church,
despite the queuing out your door.
I am empty as a promise, no more.

When the time comes,
and rights have been read,
I think of you often
but for once I meant what I said.

I was salted by your hunger,
now you've gone and lost your appetite
and a little bird is every bit as handy in a fight.
I am lonely as a memory
despite the gathering round the fire.
Aren't you every bird on every wire?

When the time comes,
and rights have been read,
I think of you often
but for once I meant what I said.
Here I stay, I lay me down,
in a house by the Hill.
I'm dug from the rubble, and cut from the kill.
Here I stay, I lay me down
in a house by the Hill.
I'm dug from the rubble, and cut from the kill.
I'm dug from the rubble, and cut from the kill.
I'm dug from the rubble, and cut from the kill.

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